Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatans,
Neuer did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slandered with reuolt.
King. Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kind from me,
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Heere comes your Vncle.
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer?*
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all these veines,
And shed my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who stroke this heat vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an
Trembling euen at the name
Wor. I cannot blame him,
By *Richard* that dead is, the n
Nor. He was; I heard the
And then it was, when the vn
(Whose wrongs in vs God pa
Vpon his *Irish* expedition;
From whence he intercepted,
To be depos'd and shortly m
Wor. And for whose death,
Liue scandaliz'd and foulie sp
Hot. But soft I pray you, d
Proclaime my brother *Mort*
Heire to the Crowne?
Nor. He did, my selfe did
Hot. Nay then I cannot bl
That wisht him on the barren
But shall it be that you that se
Vpon the head of this forget
And for his sake weare the de
Of murtherous subornation
That you a world of curses v
Being the agents, or base sec
The cords, the ladder, or the
O pardon if that I descend so
To shew the line and the prec
Wherein you range vnder th
Shall it for shame be spoken i
Or fill vp Cronicles in time t
That men of your nobility a
Did gage them both in an vni
(As both of you God pardon
To put downe *Richard* that sw
And plant this thorne, this ca
And shall it in more shame be
That you are fool'd, discarde
By him, for whom these sham

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